

everything else far more than I did, as Katharine ; yet he played badly, nearly as badly as I did; and how much more to blame I was, for I was at this time much more easy and skilful from a purely technical point of view.

Was Henry Irving impressive in those days ? Yes and no. His fierce and indomitable will showed itself in his application to his work. Quite unconsciously I learned from watching him that to do work well, the artist must spend his life in incessant labour, and deny himself every-thing for that purpose. It is a lesson we actors and actresses cannot learn too early, for the bright and glorious heyday of our success must always be brief at best,

Henry Irving, when he played Petruchio, had been toiling in the provinces for eleven solid years, and not until Rawdon Scudarnore in "Hunted Down" had he had any success. Even that was forgotten in his failure as Petruchio. What a trouncing he received from the critics who have since heaped praise on many worse men!

I think this was the peculiar quality in his acting afterwards—a kind of fine temper, like the purest steel, produced by the perpetual fight against difficulties.

Socrates, it is said* Jbf.d e^very capacity for evil in his face, yet he was good as a natiarally good man could never be. Henry Irving at first hadv, everything against him as an actor. He could not spegk, he could not walk, he could not *look*. He wanted ^do things in a part, and he could not do them. His 'amazing power was imprisoned, and

only after long and weary years did he
succeed in setting
it free.

A man with a will like that *must* be
impressive ! To
quick-seeing eyes he must, no doubt. But my
eyes were
not quick, and they were, moreover, fixed on
a world
outside the theatre. Better than his talent
and his will